

1
T R A U L U S.

The first P A R T.

I N A
D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

T O M and R O B I N.



Printed in the Year **M D C C X X X.**

TRULUS

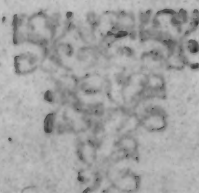
The first PART.

IN A

DIALOGUE

ASHLEY
BET
M
LIBRARY

TOM and ROBIN.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXX.



TRULUS, &c.

T O M.

SAY, *Robin*, what can *Trulus* mean
By bell'wing thus against the D—?
Why does he call him poultry Scribler,
Papist, and *Jacobite*, and *Lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a single Fact.

R O B I N.

Forgive him *Tom*, his Head is crack'd.

T O M.

What Mischief can the D— have done him,
That *Trulus* calls for Vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spaul and slaver in
In vain, against the People's Fav'rite?
Revile that Nation-saving Paper,
Which gave the D— the Name of *Draper*?

ROBIN.

Whence

(4)

R O B I N.

Why *Tom*, I think the Case is plain,
Party and Spleen have turn'd his Brain.

T O M.

Such Friendship never Man profess,
The D ——— was never so carest :
For *Traulus* long his Rancour nurst,
'Till God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy Outside of a Porter,
How could it thus conceal a Courtier ?

R O B I N.

I own, Appearances are bad ;
But still insist the Man is Mad.

T O M.

Yet many a Wretch in *Bedlam* knows,
How to distinguish Friends from Foes ;
And tho' perhaps among the Rout,
He wildly flings his Filth about ;
He still has Gratitude and Sap'ence,
To spare the Folks that gave him Ha'pence
Nor in their Eyes at Random pisses,
But turns aside like mad *Ulysses* :
While *Traulus* all his Ordure scatters,
To foul the Man he chiefly flatters.

Whence

Whence come these inconsistent Firs ?

ROBIN.

Why *Tom* the Man has lost his Wits !

TOM.

Agreed. And yet, when *Towzer* snaps
At People's Heels with frothy Chaps ;
Hang's down his Head, and drops his Tail,
To say he's mad will not avail ;

The Neighbours all cry, *Shoot him dead,*
Hang, Drown, or knock him on the Head.

So *Traulus* when he first harangu'd,

I wonder why he was not hang'd ;

For of the two, without Dispute,

Towzer's the less offensive Brute.

ROBIN.

Tom, you mistake the Matter quite ;

Your barking Curs will seldom bite ;

And though you hear him Scut-tut-tut-ter,

He barks as fast as he can utter.

He prates in Spight of all Impediment

While none believes that what he said he
meant :

Puts in his Finger and his Thumb,

To grope for Words, and out they come.

He

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He

He calls you Rogue; There's nothing in it,
 He fawns upon you in a Minute.
 Begg Leave to rail but d——n his Blood,
 He only meant it for your Good.
 His Friendship was exactly tim'd,
 He shot before your Foes were prim'd:
 By this Contrivance Mr. D——
 By G—— I'll bring you off as clean.—
 Then let him use you e're so rough,
 'Twas all for Love, and that's enough.
 For let him sputter thro' a S--ff--n,
 It never makes the least Impression.
 What he speaks for Madness goes,
 With no Effect on Friends or Foes.

T O M.

The scrubest Cur in all the Pack
 Can set the Mastiff on your Back.
 I own, his Madness is a Jest,
 If that were all. But he's possess't;
 Incarnate with thousand Imps,
 To work whose Ends, his Madness pimps.
 Who o'er each String and Wire preside,
 Fill ev'ry Pipe each Motion guide.

Directing

Directing ev'ry Vice we find
 In Scripture, to the Dev'l assign'd :
 Sent from the Dark infernal Regin
 In him they lodge, and make him *Legion*.
 Of *Brethren* he's a false *Accuser*,
 A Sland'rer, Traytor and Seducer ;
 A fawning, base, trepaning Lyar,
 The Marks peculiar of his Sire.
 Or, grant him but a Drone at best :
 A Drone can raise a Horner's Nest
 The D—— hath felt their Stings before ;
 And must their Malice ne'er give o'er ?
 Still swarm and buzz about his Nose ?
 But *Ireland's* Friends ne'er wanted Foes.
 A Patriot is a dang'rous Post
 When wanted by his Country most ;
 Perversely comes in evil Times,
 Where Virtues are imputed Crimes.
 His Guilt is clear, the Proofs are pregnant,
 A Traytor to the Vices regnant.
 What Spirit since the World began,
 Could *always* bear to *Strive with Man* ?

Which

Which God pronounc'd he never wo'ud,
 And soon convinc'd them by a Flood.
 Yet still the D—— on Freedom raves,
 His Spirit always strives with Slaves.
 'Tis Time at last to spare his Ink,
 And let them rot, or hang, or stink.

F I N I S.

